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The FIRST
B O O K E
OF
Homer's Iliads.

Translated by
THOMAS GRANTHAM,
M. A. of *Peter-House in Cambridge,*
Professor of the speedy way of tea-
ching the *Hebrew, Greek, and Latine* Tongues in
LONDON, in White-Bear-Court, Over a-
gainst the golden Ball upon *Admirall* Hill.



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BOOK

Homer's Iliad

THOMAS ARNOLD





To the Reader.

Reader,



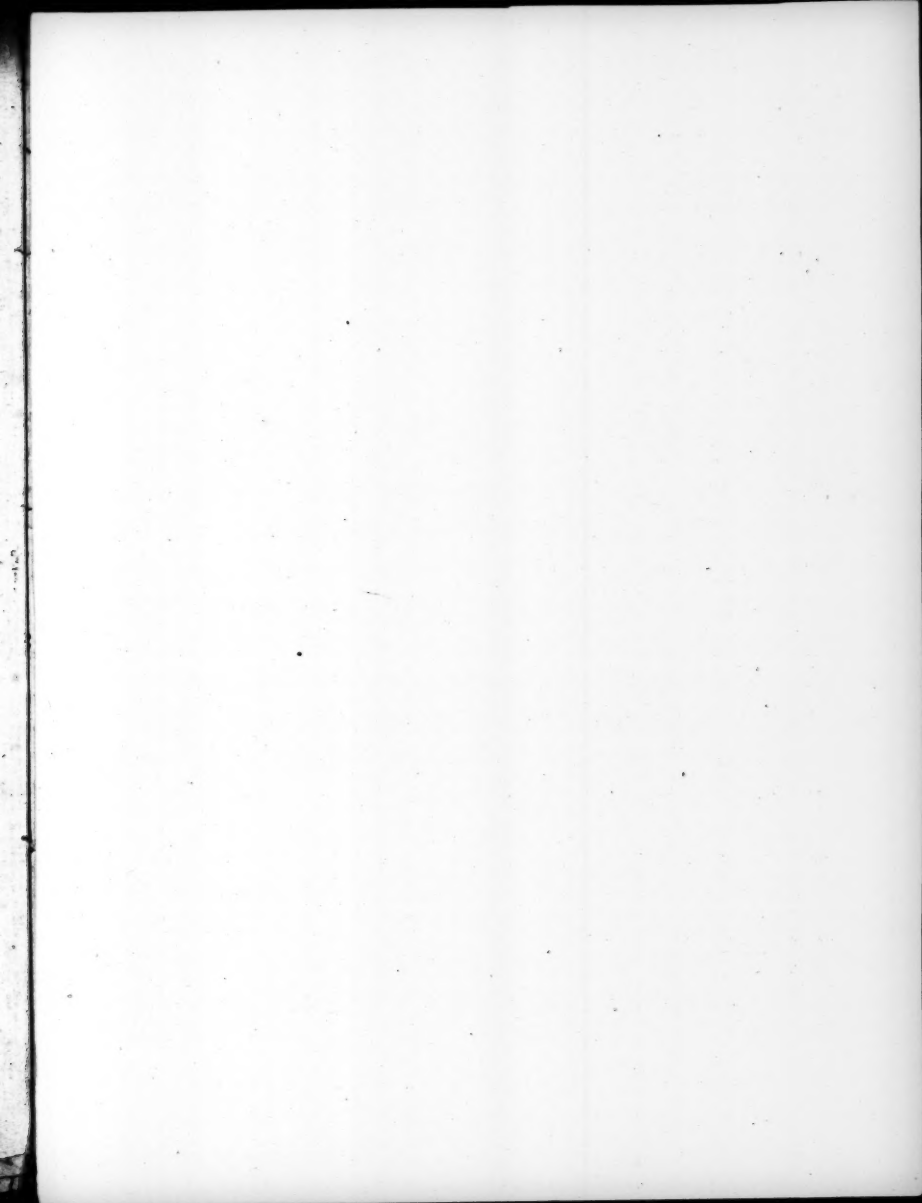
HE Sun is called the heart of the Planets, all receive their light and influence from him; the Moon is dark and obscure, but when the Sun shines upon her, she shows so glorious, that men worship her as a goddess; her influence is over Sea and Land, over men (whom God himself calls gods) witness the *Lunatick*. *Homer* he is the heart, the sun, the light of all the Poets, without him they are like Dials without the Sun; like candles unlighted. He is painted vomiting, and all the Poets lapping like little Dogs what comes from him. *Ovid* brings him in attended with all the Muses.

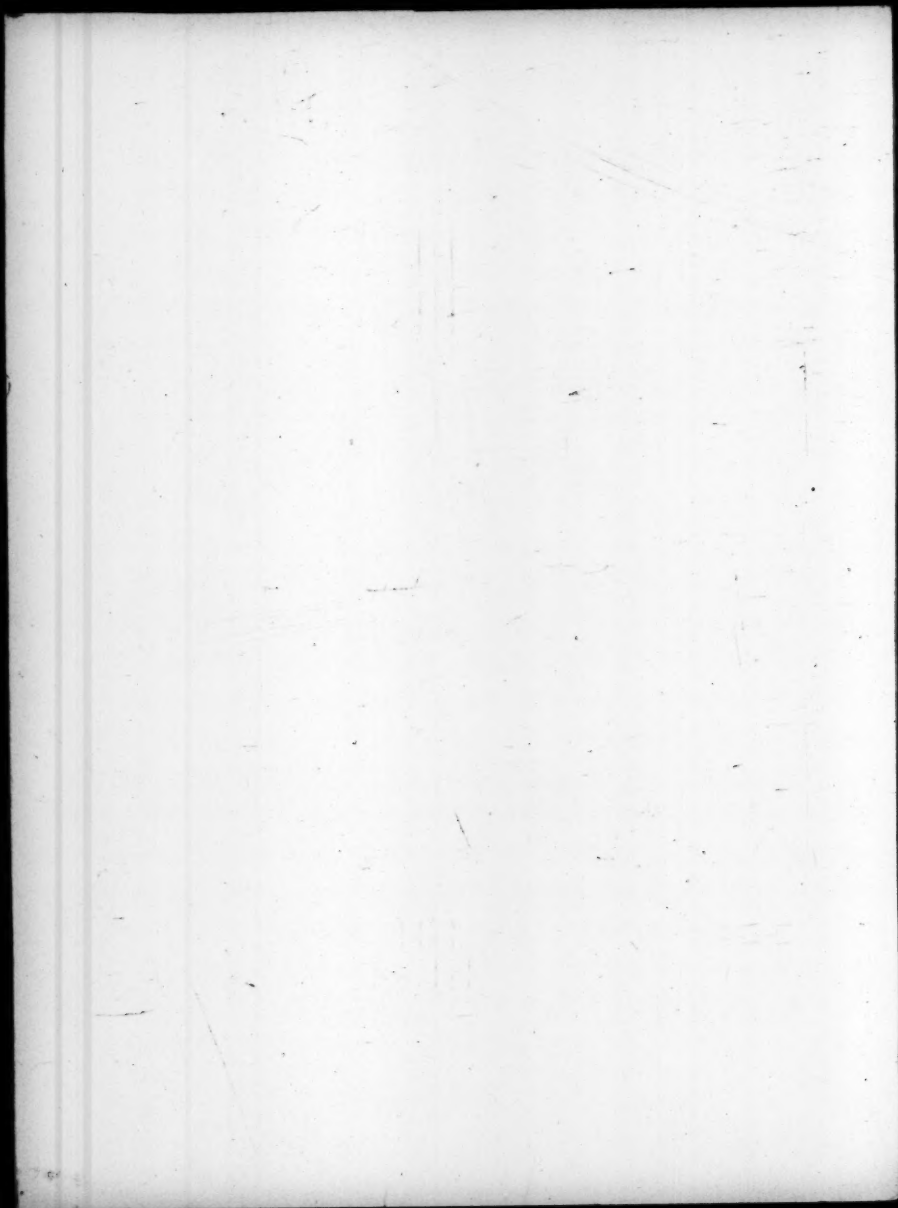
Homer with all the Muses grac'd, if poor
He chance to come, they'l thrust him out of door.

But whilst I am commending *Homer*, I remember *Ulysses* pleading for the Armour of *Achilles* against *Ajax*, he sets out all his valiant actions in what lustre, and shadows, and colours he can possible; but when he came at last to the stealing of the image of *Pallas*, he sayes

little or nothing in all of that, but pulls it out of his bosom before all the Army, he knew that would speak for itself. For there was a Prophecy, Troy should never be conquered till that was stoll out of the Temple. *Homar* is here present to speak for himself, and it becomes me to sit silent in admiration.

The





The first Book of

HOMERS ILLIADS.

The Argument.

Chryses unto the Grecians Presents brought,
 With these his Daughter to redeem he thought;
 But Agamemnon did him basely use,
 And all his gallow Presents did refuse;
 The Priest then prayd to his almighty God,
 That on the Grecians he would send his rod.
 Chalcas among the Soothsayers did excel,
 Achilles mov'd him the cause to tell,
 Why that the fires of death nine dayes did burn;
 And why they lay in such a state forlorn;
 Chalcas to tell the cause does undertake,
 His life he hazards for Achilles sake;
 The Kings fall out, Achilles then does call
 His mother for to help him in his Thrall;
 She climbs the snowy Mountain, bays of Iove;
 Thus he would now or never shew his love;
 And make the General know his wars were vain,
 Unless Achilles came to rule again.
 Iuno and Iove fall out, Vulcan contrads
 With sacred Nectar for to make them friends.

The Argument.

The Prayers and Gifts of Chryses this Book sing,
 The Plague that Phaon sent, the wrath of Kings.

Goddeſſe the wrath of great Achilles ſing,
 Who grieſe unnumber'd to the Greeks did bring,
 And many valiant ſouls to hell did ſend;
 Their noble Bodies Fouls and Dogs did rend;
 Iove will'd all this, from him this triſt began,
 Of Agamemnon and great Pelus Son.

Which

With Sacrifices thy rich * *Phobus*, if ever I did stand even at * Temple.
 Fat Thighs of Oxen, and of Goats, grant me now my desire;
 Revenge my Tears; with Shafts the Grecians pay, *Phobus* I have
 And thus he pray'd; and *Phobus* heard him pray.

Who (next) came down from Heaven, & brought his Bow, *Phobus* the
 With quiver cover'd round, his hands did throw *Priests* God,
 These on his shoulders: The Arrows gave a sound, sends the
 Ratling about him as he trod the ground; plague a-
 Silent as Night, with Silver Bow he shot, mongst the
 His Arrows twang'd again, they flew so hot. *Greeks*.
 He first of all shot both the Mules and Hounds; Ye see here
 The Grecians after that receiv'd their wounds; how he comes
 The fires of death nine dayes did burn, so long the shafts down raging
 The tenth, *Achilles* call'd a Court of chosen men; & high mad from bea-
 ven.

Juno (the white-arm'd queen) does mourn for *Greeks*,
Achilles therefore now a Council seeks;
 Being mov'd by her, Swift-foot *Achilles* then
 Rose up to speak in the great Court of Men.

* *Atrides*, now I see we go astray,
 We must return, if we can scape away;
 The Plague and War does many *Greeks* destroy, *Achilles* his
 Let us some Priest or Prophet now employ, speech to *Ag-*
 Or Dream-Interpreter, Dreams come from *Jove*; *memmon* called
 Hee'll show how we have lost *Apollo's* Love; *Atrides*, be-
 If that for Hecatombs, or unpaid Vows; cause *Atrides*
 Or if for Lambs and Goats he knits his brows; was his father.
 These he shall have, if he our men shall mend,
 And bring this Plague unto a speedy end.

This said, he sae; * *Chalcas* starts up to them, *Chalcas* the
 (Surnamed *Thestides*) who was supreme, *Prophet*,
 He knew things present, past, to come, was honor'd in that
 To rule the Fleet at *Ilion*; for his prophetick rage

Apollo gave him. Achilles lov'd of God;

*Chabbas to
Achilles.*

Shall I (said he) show why *Apollo's* Rod
Does plague us so? then Covenant with Oath;
That with thy Words and powerfull Actions both;
Thou'lt help me speaking; for I know there reigns
A man that much my Prophecie dildains;
A Kings's a powerful man, he in his hate
May bring me speaking to a wretched state;
Although that day he seemeth not to chide,
And may a little his fierce Anger hide
But if hereafter he shall angry be,
Resolve me now if thou wilt succour me?

*Achilles to
Chabbas*

Then said *Achilles*, Speak whatso're thou knows;
For by *Apollo* I have made my Vows,
There's none shall wrong thee *Agamemnon* King,
Dare not his hands unto this quarrel bring,
Although thou Name him. Then the Prophet hold
Began the *Gracians* griefs for to unfold

*Chabbas reveals
the cause of
the plague
amongst the
Gracians.*

'Tis not for unpaid Vows, nor Sacrifice;
This Plague so long amongst us raging lies;
But *Agamemnon* did the Priest despise;
Who for his Daughters brought sufficient price;
Therefore *Apollo* darting far his Darts,
Sends you these griefs unto your mortal hearts,
And he will plague you more, and not refrain,
Till he his black-eyd Daughters have again.
Ler her with Sacrifice be freely sent,
Perhaps with this the High Priest may be bent

Agamemnon

*Agamemnon
angry at Chab-
bas.*

This said; he sat; But *Agamemnon* (then
The chief Commander over all the men)
Vent to the heare with madnes, and his eyes
Sparkling with fire, thus the Priest defies

Prophet

Prophet of Ill, it never pleas'd thee
To speak the best, but rather worst of me;
Thou chides because these gifts I did not take,
And sayes this plague came for the Maidens sake;
Whom before *Elysmus* I prefer;
Who was a Virgin when I courted her;
• She's full as fair, as witty and as kind,
Her Hofwiserie does much content my mind;
But I will send her back, onely I crave
That I my Armies welfare now may have;
Yet a fair Mistress give me, none thinks fit;
That I depriv'd should solitary sit.

To him swift-foot, God-like *Achilles* then
Answered, *Atrides*, thou of all the men
That breathe, we know to be most covetous,
And of all Kings, the most ambitious:
Thy lost prize, none of all the great soul'd *Greeks*
Will out of theirs supply, for now all seeks
To keep their own, but when the Well-wald *Troy*
Is razed, we'll trebble *Quadruple* thy joy.

Then *Agamemnon* to *Achilles* said,
Think you it fit you should enjoy a Maid
And I have none? I will come personally
Unto you soon, and all my want supply:
The Love of *Ajax*, • *Ithacus*, or thine,
I will bring home, she shall be called mine:
And let him rage hereafter we can these
Order, but now its fit we put to Sea
With most choice Rowers: *Chryse's* mine envied prize,
Shall go aboard with a great Sacrifice;
Ithacus, *Ajax*, *Idomeneus* shall,
Or tern • *Peleides* be the General;
Nisus the Commander, he shall see,
That all these holy Acts performed be,

Which

Which *Phobus* please; *Achilles* with a frown
This bold and haughty mind did soon bring down.

Achilles to *Agamemnon*.
What man can flye with valour on his Foe
For such a Wretch? I was not injured so
By all *Troy's* Force: In *Phisbie* I enjoy
My Corn and People: Why should I annoy
These men, whom Hills and Seas keep from me far,
And cannot come to wrong me in a War?
Thee and thy Brothers Vengeance we sustain,
And triumphs make with Bonafires of our slain:
Thou impudent, thou Dogs-eyes dost employ
Us with our ruine, for to ruine *Troy*;
And now thou threats to take my hearts delight;
Whom all the Greeks did give me for my fight;
When any town is sack'd, the prize for me
Is lesser far then that which is for thee:
But Ile ship home, contented with what's mine,
And spend no more in any cause of thine.

Agamemnon to
Achilles.

To him then *Agamemnon* King repli'd,
Get thee gone hence, 't shall not be deny'd;
Here's others honor me, the most wise *Jove*,
In him both I, and other Princes move
And nourish't are; but thou my greatest Foe,
Delight'st in Blood, Battels, and Strife, and Woe:
If thou beest very strong, God gave it thee,
Get thee gone hence with all thy companie,
And Ships, and Myrmidons, I do not care,
Nor fear thy wrath; yet of my threats beware;
Because fair-check't * *Chryseis* *Phobus* seeks
Ile send her home with many of my Greeks:
But thy fair-check't * *Bryseis* home Ile bring,
And thou shalt know how powerful a King
Is above all, and every one shall see
There is great danger to contend with mee.

* The wife of
Agamemnon.

The Wife of
Achilles.

Achilles

(3)
Achilles hearing this, was vex'd at heart,
Bristled his Bosome, his discourfive part,
Sometime did think with sword to lay about,
Sometimes he thought to fit his anger out;
Whilst thus *Achilles* stood in doubtfull minde,
And drew his sword, *Pallas* about him shin'd,
Being sent from Heaven by the white-wristed queen
Juno; for she had to both loving been:

Achilles by the yellow curls he took
Standing behind him, onely gave a look
To him alone; he turning back his eye,
Was struck amaz'd in every faculty:
He knew her by her eyes sparkling with fire,
With winged words he craved her desire:

Daughter of *Jove*, who does his Buckler bear,
Tell mee why thou descendest from thy Sphere;
Wouldst thou the pride of *Atamnon* know?
Then see him gassing at this deadly blow.

Gray-ey'd * *Minerva* answered him again,
I'me come from Heaven thine anger to refrain;
White-wristed *Juno* sent me, she is loth
There should be any quarrel 'twixt you both:
Show thy respects to us, cease to contend,
Put up thy sword, and so this quarrell end:
|| Give him most bitter words, take this from me,
The time will come when thou must courted be,
When thrice the worth shall be unto thee sent
For recompence, when that he shall repent.

Swift-foot *Achilles* answer'd and did speak,
Goddess I will not your Commandment break,
Although I'me very angry; for I know
Unto the Gods I do obedience owe:

Achilles engag'd against
Atamnon,

Achilles to *Pallas*
las,

* *Pallas*.
She speaks to
Achilles.

† Chide; but
fights not,

Here you see
Achilles in the
height of an-
geryeilds obe-
dience to

They'l *Pallas*.

They hear my Prayers: Then he put up his Sword
Close in his Sheath, just at *Minerva's* word,
To *Jove* that bears the Goat-skin buckler then,
And other gods, *Pallas* ascended heaven.
Peleides then to *Agamemnon* spake
With bitter words, and out his anger brake.

Achilles to *A-*
gamemnon:
Thou Wine-sot, ever sleep in Wine, thy heart
Thou Dogs face, is as fearful as a Hart;
In ambush thou'lt not lie, nor dar'st thou go
In arms with us, ever to fight thy Foe,
These are as death to thee; all thy delight
Is to rob those that blame thee of their right:
On servile spirits thou dost tyrannise,
Thou subject-eating King I thee despise:
Atreides (for the wrong thou offer'st now)
He tell thee plainly, and will make a Vow
By this same Scepter, which can never give
Branches and Leaves, I know it cannot live
Since it was cut from Mountains *Grecians* seek,
And Judges to, by it our Laws to keep,
Which came from *Jove*, and a great Oath he take,
He never fight for any *Grecians* sake:
When *Hector* slays thy men, then thou'lt repent
That thou hast wrong'd thy Armies Ornament:
Thus angry he his Scepter flung to th' ground,
Stuck with his golden Studs, then the profound
Sweet-spoken *Nestor* up himself did raise,
Who with the *Pylans* was of mighty praise,
The words were sweeter which from him did come,
Then was the Honey, or the Honey comb;
Whilst he did live, two ages were encreased
In sacred *Pylus*, and both these deceased,
The third he reign'd in, being a Prince of skill,
He shew'd how discord must needs breed much ill.

Oh Gods ! What sorrows do's our Land sustain,
Priam, and Priam's Son, so late our slain
By one another ! Oh how they I rejoyce,
And all Troy shout with a victorious voice,
To see those which in Arms and Arms excel,
Differ, Now therefore be advised well,
I am older, stronger, none did ever hear
Of such brave men as my Companions were,
Pyrrhus, Cynens, Drias, prince of men ;
Exadus, Thysens, and Polypheme,
Like to a God, these Heroes often fought
With Mountain-Beasts, for men in strength were nought
Compar'd with them, they fought and overcame :
I was companion to these men of Fame,
I came from Pylor, and bore arms with these,
My speeches and my Counsels did them please :
I will perswade you now from any jar,
Although you'r strong, by no means make a War ;
Give him his Mistress, all the *Greeks* consent,
Then 'twixt you both there will be great content,
Achilles be at peace, no King by Lot,
So mighty honor from great *Jove* hath got :
Tis true, you'r strong, a Goddess brought you forth,
Yet he's a powerful King, of greater worth
Atrides, cease thine anger thou shalt see
Achilles with my prayers will moved be,
Who is our Hedge against the Force of Troy
Our Armies Ornament and onely joy.

To this the King made answer, and did say,
Sir, you speak right; but he will bear the way
Over us all, and domineer as King,
Theres none shall make me grant him such a thing ;
What if the gods have made him strong, shall he
Fling his reproaches and his scorn on me ?

Agamemnon
and Achilles.
Hector.

Agamemnon
Speech to
Hector.

Achilles

Heavenly
Speech

Achilles answered, *Men will hold me back*
And should go away with great disgrace
If I should yield to thee in every thing,
(Others command, and be to them a King)
I will not fight now for my *Mylus* sake
With thee or others; but this from me take
If thou dost rob my ships, thou shalt this *Lang*
Strike to thy beery; Upon this variance

The Council
dissolved.

The Princes being angry, all arose,
And to his quarters great *Achilles* goes
With his *Patroclus*, and his faithful *Mene*
Then *Agamemnon* knowing well the Fate
Did launch the ship, and gave a sacrifice
With fair *Chryseis* his beloved prize,
Ulysses was the Captain, he did then
Ascend the ship with twenty chosen men,
Which through the moist waves row'd her, then the King
Bad all the Host their Sacrifices bring,
Of Bulls and Goats into the deep they cast
The Offall left, thus was *Agamemnon* cast
Thick fumes and vapours mounted from the shore
Of th' unfruitfull Sea, to heaven they bore
Enwrapped fumes, to dole could nor yet
Forgive *Achilles* or his wrong forget
Then vented he unto *Perseides* his rage
And to *Talpyhius*, that *Deflag*

2. Herald.

Go to *Achilles* Tent, fair *Ulysses* bring,
If he deny to give her to his King,
He come with many bold, he find it worse,
And will be plagu'd with his *Ulysses* Curse.
This said, they straight obey'd his Command
And walk'd smiling all along the sand
Of the unfruitfull Sea; just as they went
They found *Achilles* sitting in his Tent
They struck with fear and aw, stood dumb and sad,
Nor was *Achilles* then to see them glad;

He

He knew for what they came, *Heralds*, (said he)
 Of Gods and Men come nearer unto me,
 I blame you not, I know the King did send
 For *Bryseis*, now *Patroclus* (my dear friend)
 Bring her, but by the immortal gods I swear,
 (And mortall men, witness all ye that's here)
 If your dishonour'd King should for me send,
 That I against this plague my help should lend,
 He is raging mad, things past he cannot tell,
 Nor things to come, nor can he govern well:
 This said *Patroclus* came to *Bryseis* Tent,
 Brought her to th' *Heralds*, to the ships they went;
 She was unwilling, *Achilles* wept full sore,
 And with his tears his Mother did implore,
 And lifting up his hands, Mother, (said he)
 My life though short, yet should it honour'd be:
 But *Jove* no honour gives, great *Atræus* Son
 Hath ta'en my Prize, and I am quite undone,
 He weeping spake, his honoured Mother heard,
 (Sitting i' th' deep) and straighe above appear'd,
 Like to a myst her hand did stroke her son,
 Tell me (said she) from whence this strife begun,
 Mother (said he) you do my sorrows know,
 I need not tell you, whence my griefs do grow:
 We came to *Thebes* City of *Esion*,
 Sack'd it, and did divide to every son
 Of *Greece* his share, *Atreides* *Clyteus* had,
Chryses, *Apollo's* priest at this grew sad,
 Who to the Fleet unvalued Presents brought,
 When he the freedom of his Daughter sought,
 With *Phæbus* Crown and Scepter in his hand,
 He pray'd the *Greeks* and those that bore Command:
 The *Greeks*, with Acclamations all embrace
 These Gifts, and think them a sufficient grace;
 But *Agamemnon* (rag'd with mighty ire)
 Threatned the Priest, he angry did retire;

Achilles hon-
 ours the
Heralds.

Bryseis led to
Agamemnon

Achilles to
Thetis.

Thetis to
Achilles.

Achilles to
Thetis.

Him praying as he went *Phobus* did hear;
 For he of *Phobus* was accounted dear;
 He sent his Darts, and many *Greeks* did die;
 Through all the Camp, so fierce his Arrows lie.
 When our learn'd Prophet to us the cause did tell,
 I gave command to please *Apollo* well;

Agamemnon.

* *Atrides* angry, did his threatnings send,
 And now we see his threatnings at an end:
 The black-ey'd *Greeks* then sent *Chryseis* home:

An hundred
 Ox.

Unto her Father with a * *Hecatomb*:
Atrides then for my *Bryseis* sent,
 Whom all the *Greeks* gave me with one consent:
 Now scale *Olympus* and great *Jove* implore,
 If thou by word or deed didst ere restore
 Joy to his heart, I have often heard thee want
 In our own Court how thou wast conversant
 In saving of our black cloud gathering *Jove*,
 Whom *Pallas*, *Nephele*, and th' great Queen (above)
 Of Heaven would bind, thou call'st the hundred hands—
Briareus to rescue *Jove* from bands;
 Gods call him so, *Egeon* amongst men,
 He is call'd, surpass, and was as strong again—
 As his own Father, he by *Jove* did sit
 In Heaven the Immortals did not envy it:
 Mind him of this, sit and embrace his knee,
 And ask if that *Troy's* succor he will be,
 And beat the *Greeks* unto their Ships and Sea;
 Some slain, let others their great King obey;
 And the far-ruling King this fault shall know,
 That to the best he did no honour show.

Thetis her
 speech.

She weeping said, Oh thou my dearest Son!
 Woe's me I brought thee forth, thy fates begun;
 Sit without weeping, and endure this wrong,
 For now thy wretched life will not be long:

He climb *Olympus* that is crown'd with snow,
 And see if chundring *Jove* will hear thy Woe:
 Sit by the Ships, thine anger now refrain,
 And by no means go to the War again.
Jove and the gods went yesterday to feast
 With blamelesse *Ethiops* in the deep Oceans breast;
 The twelfth he'l come again, then will I see
 His Brass-pav'd Court, and beg with humble knee,
 I think he'l hear me: Thus the spake, and there
 Left him in anger for his fairest Dear
 Forc'd away from him: then did *Ulysses* come
 To *Chryses* shore, bringing a Hecatomb.
 To the deep Haven when they all did come,
 Some struck the Sails others they did make robm
 For Topmast and for Ore, some Anchor cast
 Against the storms, for drifting made her fast.
 They come a-shore, and bring the Hecatomb
 To *Phobus*,* darting far, they welcome home
Chryseis, whom the wise *Ulysses* brought
 Unto her Father, and thus him besought,
 (Standing at the Altar) *Agamemnon* sends
 Thy Daughter, and unto the gods commends
 A sacrifice for to appease your King,
 Who on us doth his fiercest sorrows Fling;
 Thus he resigns her, *Chryses* with joy doth take
 His Daughter and a sacrifice doth make
 Upon the Altar, then salt Cakes he took,
 With voice and hands lift up, to heaven did look,
 And pray'd; Oh hear my God, thou that dost bend
 Thy silver bow, and *Eida* dost defend,
 And *Tenedos*, thou heardst me pray before
 Thou honor'd'st me, and hurt the *Gracians* sore:
 But oh my God, grant me now my desire,
 And from the *Gracians* turn thy raging ire:
 He pray'd and *Phobus* heard him; others did pray,
 And cast salt Cakes, others did oxen slay;

aug 64 m.

Ulysses speech
to the Priest.

The Priest's
prayer.

Which

VVhich (cut in pieces) on the fire did lye,
 And these the Priest (with generous VVine) did frye,
 Some roasted, and some others boil'd the meat,
 And every man unto his fill did eat,
 Young men crown'd Cups of VVine some drank about,
 Some saw the Health go round, some poured out,
 Some all the day sung Perans pleas'd the ear
 Of great *Apollo* when they sung so clear:
 But when the Sun was set, and night was come,
 To sleep on Cables every man made room,
 Till that the Rosie finger'd morn retir'd:
 Then *Phaebus* with fair winds their Bark inspir'd;
 They top-mast hoisted, and the Sails set up,
 The ship the parted waves swiftly did cut:
 VVhen to the Camp they came and landy shore,
 They all took quarters as they did before,
 Swift-foot *Achilles* near the Navy sat,
 Angry, and left the Councils of Estate:
 VVhich honour men he never trod the field,
 Pin'd call'd for VVar, his framack could not yield,
 Twelve morns being past the gods did follow *Jove*,
 And Mount *Olympus*, him did *Thetis* move:
 Rising from sea at the Morns first light,
 She climbed *Olympus* in supremest height
 Of that high Hill, she spy'd out * *Saturnus* Son
 Set from the rest, in his free Seat alone,
 She sare before him, her left hand did hold
 His knees, the right his Chin, then did unfold
 Her sons *Petition*: If to thee I've stood
 In word or deed, grant me now this same good,
 King *Agamemnon* to my son did bring
 A great disgrace, revenge me this same thing;
 Send help to *Troy* and let them over-run
 The *Greek*, till they give honour to my son,
 Cloud gathering *Jove* said nought but *Thetis* sare
 Holding his knees, and still did him entreat:

* *Jupiter.*

Grant or deny (said she) just now my suit;
 Thou fearest none, why dost thou sit thus mute?
 On my disgraci? Cloud-gathering Jove replid,
 Come what's ill will, thou shalt not be deny'd.
 Let Juno storm, chide me among the gods,
 And say my help gives to the *Trojan* odds:
 But now be gone, lest angry Jove see
 My Promise, and what tapit take of thee;
 Ile nod my Head, then will the gods divine
 That I do yield to any suit of thine.
 And when I nod, there's none that can recall
 The thing I nod to, if I nod at all.
 This said, the black-eye-brow'd and mighty god
 Did shake *Olympus* when he did him nod;
 Then *Thetis* parting did from *high* *Neaen* go
 To *Neptune's* Kingdome, diving down below;
 Jove did go home, and all the gods did meet
 Him as he went, and kindly did him greet.
 But Juno saw *Thetis* in Jove's Throat,
 Discourfing with him when he was alone;
 Then she revil'd him, Thy secrets thou dost speake
 To others, but to me dost never break.
 VVhat thou intends Father of gods and men,
 To angry Juno then reply'd again;
 Hope not that thou shalt all my counsels know,
 Although my VVife; these I will never show
 To God nor man, but what I feting see
 No god nor man shall sooner know then thee.
 Then Ox-ey'd Jove answer'd, Cruel Jove;
 Does these same speeches shew to me thy love?
 I never askt before, I do thou now
 Quiet from me, and wills what thou thinkst fit;
 But I think *Thetis* (with her silver feet)
 Held you by th' knees, and early did you greet;
 And I suspect that you a bill have taen
 VVould honour, though many of *Greek* were slain,

Jove's pro-
 mise to *Thetis*.

Juno to *Jupiter*

Jupiter to Juno

Juno's Reply.

Then

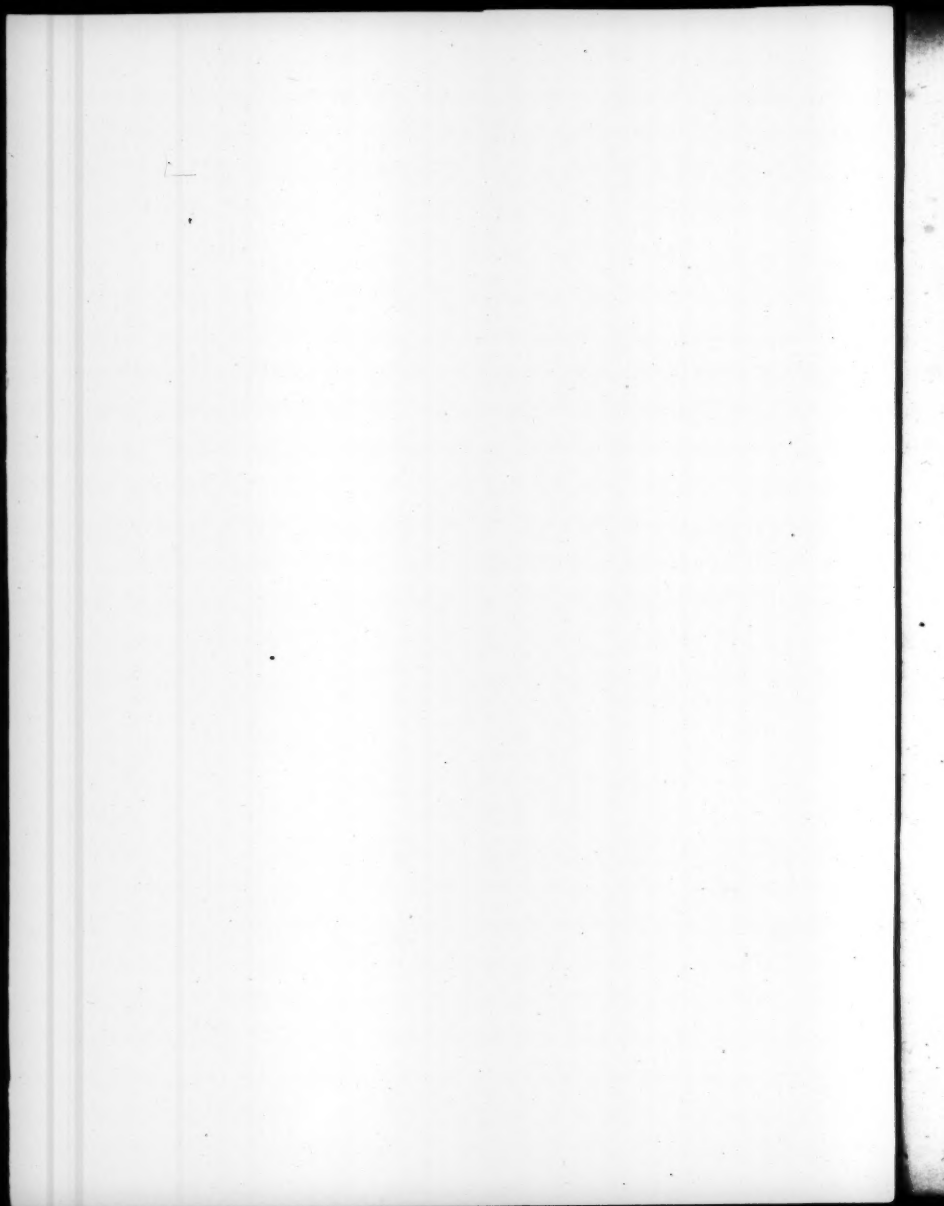
Then did Cloud-gathering Jove reply, Oh Wife!
Wretched art thou to make with me this strife:
To know my deeds, it will no profit be,
But rather take away my love from thee:
Then sit thou down, and now obey my word,
For if that thou and I do not accord,
Then all the gods in Heaven cannot withstand
When I on thee do lay my conquering hand.

This said, the honoured ox-eyed Juno then
Sate silent, and durst not reply again:
Then all the gods in Heaven this ill did take,
Till Vulcan pleaded for his Mothers sake;
These works are deadly, whilst that you do spend
These words, you make the gods themselves contend;
This Banquet will to us no pleasure be,
But rather grief if you do not agree;
But I will pray my Mother now to cease
Her chiding, lest that she does give displease;
For if he thunder, he can us then throw
From the high heaven unto the earth below:
But speak him fair, then I do hope that he
Will to us all very propitious be:

This said he roie, the * double-banded Cup
Into his Mothers hand he straight did put,
And spake unto her Mother, suffer, bear,
I grieve to see you bear you are so dear:
I cannot help you, none was ever known
To strive with *Jove* sitting upon his Throne:
When once I help'd *he* caught me by the heel,
And flung me down from Heaven, I could not feel
Ground all the day, But when the black Night came,
The *Sin* straight did take me up again:
White-wristed *Juno* smiling took the Cup,
And drank about, lame *Vulcan* filled up

Neft





Nectar to all Loud Laughter went about,
To see lame *Vulcan* pour in and out.
The Banquet held all day, till Sun was set,
And every one unto his fill did eat ;
Apollo did upon his fair Harp play,
The Muses answer'd singing all the day ;
But after that the fair Suns light was set,
Then every one unto his home did get,
Which *Vulcan* (lame on both feet) made, for he
Had built a House for every Deity ;
Heavens-thundring *Jove* unto his Bed did high.
And *Juno* on her golden Throne slept nigh.

The end of the first Book.

These



These first six Verses I translated thus, and showed them and others to many Schollars; but because I found one Gentleman something curious, I altered them, as you see in the beginning.

Achilles son of *Pelus* Goddess sing;
His banefull wrath which to the *Greeks* did bring
Unnumbr'd griefs, brave souls to hell did send,
Their noble bodies Fowls and Dogs did rend;
Iove will'd all this, he these to strife did bring,
God-like *Achilles* and *Atrides* King.

Or thus.

Achilles who from *Pelens* did spring.
Goddess his banefull wrath begin to sing.

Verses upon General BLAKE, his Funeral.

Vowels do sound, the Consonants though many,
Cannot be read, nor understood by any.
The Vowels are the same in *Drake*, and *Blake*,
Some think these two should equal honour take,
Drake conquer'd by lame *Vulcan*; such a toy
An Ape might do, or every little boy,
Fire a sleepy Navy; But *Blake's* fight
Did the Sea Monsters, and great *Neptune* fright;
In the black *Trojan*-storm, his Trident there
He us'd, but now he let it fall for fear.
The Butter-boxes melted with great heat,
And drunken *Dutch-men* sunk in grease and sweat.

Spaniard

*Spaniard and Turk, both these together quake,
And yield their Captives up to dreadful Blake:
Mars fear'd a Conquest from the factious gods,
And sent for thee, knowing she should have odds
Against them all: Jove did Achilles fear;
Behold a greater then Achilles there.*

I*N the Countrey (this last Summer) I taught a Gentleman's
Son, and he being gone a hunting or coursing, I had great leisure,
and began to translate Homer; at the first I translated sixteen ver-
ses, every time more or lesse, till I came almost to Nestor's Speech:
I read them to some Schollars, and they perswaded me to finish the
first Book, which (by Gods assistance) I did, to whom be glory for
ever.*

FINIS
